

# White Things and Boots and Muscle Memory

by Ravenclaw Writer

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Summary: What happened leading up to Merida and Hiccup's first time. Oneshot, nothing explicit.

## White Things and Boots and Muscle Memory

Hey, I don't own anything and I'd like to remind you that I don't plan on this getting explicit at all! I just wanted to try my hand at this sort of thing, and why not do it with these characters? I hope you'll let me know what you think.

\* \* \*

><p>"You know where the bedroom is, Hiccup," Merida said. Her bright blue eyes watched the ruby red wine fall from the bottle into the glasses she was preparing. "But new rule for tonight: no clothes."<p>

Hiccup looked at Merida with big green eyes, his mouth slanting and trying to find a way to form words. "You're sure?"

Merida looked at him, and the way her hair framed her face made him gulp. "I'm sure if you are. I love you Hiccup, and I feel ready. Are you?" Hiccup bobbed his head in a yes, swayed back and forth for a moment, and walked towards the back of the house.

He stood outside the door for a minute. He shivered, remembering Merida's words: \_"New rule: no clothes." \_His eyes widened a little bit, unsure of where to go from here.

"Do you want me to like, fold my clothes outside the door?"

From the kitchen, Merida stopped looking at the reflection in the window, trying to fix her hair. She smiled, falling a little bit more in love with Hiccup. "No, it's fine. Just dump them."

There was a silence.

"Are you sure? It'd be kind of messy and unsightly."

Merida sighed with a bit of laugh in the air. "They're unsightly because they're not on the floor. Off with them!" She started walking back towards her bedroom.

"Oh. I guess I can fold them later, then." he mumbled to himself. He stripped down, his vest and shirt and pants coming off one by one. Suddenly very cold and vulnerable, Hiccup opened the door and went into Merida's bedroom.

"Do you want me to just climb in bed, or sit on it, or..." his voice trailed off as Merida walked in, wearing less than he'd ever seen her in and holding two glasses of wine.

Her dress-thing was short, lacy, white, and low-cut, and Hiccup didn't even know what to call it. He just knew that he liked it. It looked soft and smooth and his boxers got uncomfortable. Merida took a sip of wine and looked at him over the brim of the wineglass, eyebrows raised. His mouth fumbled, and his eyes tried to take in how colorful the white made Merida look. Her skin looked creamy and her hair looked like fire and her lips looked so pink... He kept staring and eventually came back to what his mouth was saying.

"...or should I kiss you... oh, well duh I need to kiss you! God, sorry, I'm such an idiot! Sorry, um... sorry yeah I'll just um..." Hiccup launched himself from the bed and kissed Merida who put the glasses down just in time.

Her hands rested between his shoulders and his chest, and it felt like fire. He held her head in his hands, his thumb tracing her jaw and his fingers ending up on the back of her neck, making her shiver. Hiccup pulled them down to the bed, and he leaned against the headboard as they started kissing more hungrily. Her fingers clawed at his chest, and Hiccup started chuckling.

"What?" she said, a little annoyed at being interrupted.

"You can't pull me in by my vest at the moment. But your fingers keep trying."

Merida rolled her eyes at him. She nuzzled his nose with hers, smiling softly with closed lids. He chuckled and grinned, a little bit more at ease. "I love you, Merida. I love you and the way your fingers make the same motions all the time."

She sighed happily. "I love you too, really I do. But your attention span can be a little frustrating. Here I am, thinly clothed on your lap, and you're busy thinking about muscle memory."

Hiccup gulped, jerked back to now. Sure enough, that reminder was enough to make him painfully aware of everything his skin was touching. The slick fabric of Merida's dress-like-object, the slight grain of the cotton he was sitting on, the smoothness of her skin, the fur inside his boots... \_Fuck.\_

"I should have left my boots at the door too, shouldn't I."

Merida looked behind her at Hiccup's legs and then at the ceiling, smiling with a hint of exasperation. "Yes, Hiccup. People don't usually keep their boots on for sex."

"Sorry, sometimes I just forget because I like them so much, and yeah I mean you know I made them, so that's um, cool, and yeah-"

"Which is better, Hiccup, this, or at least what it will be eventually, or the boots?" She looked at him from her perch on his lap, with her lips barely parted and her hair cascading. She shifted slightly and \_wow \_did he feel that. And there she was, looking at him pointedly with eyes so blue it hurt.

"I'm gonna have to go with this," Hiccup choked out, not becoming any less nervous, but feeling primal instinct start to mask that nervousness.

"Good job, you chose correctly." Merida kept shifting slightly and words kept being harder to find.

"I really hoped so. I was kind of nervous for a minute. I mean I'm actually really nervous but that's more because I'm here mostly naked in your bed and you're on top of me and I'm still accidentally wearing the boots."

Merida turned around and pulled off the boots. Hiccup couldn't help but notice how nicely the little white thing fit, particularly how it hit her hips and rear. He gulped when she turned around, looking dangerously playful.

"You're sure?" she asked.

"I love you so much. I'm scared stiff, but I don't think I've ever been more sure." He started fingering the buttons on the front of her outfit, slipping them through the holes. Her fingers tugged on the waistband of his boxers.

"Oh, I know you're stiff," Merida winked. Merida chuckled at his exasperation and kissed him again. And again. And again. And again. And again...

End  
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